

DECEMBER 1957

# Maryknoll





**WEARINESS.** The struggle for daily living catches up with this elderly Japanese woman and she sinks in weariness on the steps. Her burden could be lightened if she knew the truths of our God.

# SHOELESS JOE

About a tough four-year-old  
with a mind all of his own.

BY JOHN R. HEISSE, M.M.

■ SHOELESS JOE wasn't his real name. He didn't offer any name at all, or who his parents were, or what part of Korea he came from. For a four-year-old he was remarkably close-mouthed. Even his age was a guess on my part. He was so grimy it was difficult to tell much about him,

The police of Che Chon had discovered him, innocent of shoes, trudging the frozen mid-December streets. They had brought him to the orphanage. To make sure Joe had no communicable diseases I sent him to the doctor for a check-up, first giving him a bath, some clothes and a pair of shoes. Joe returned from the doctor's with a clean bill of health; in ten minutes it was the only clean thing about him.

Then began a fierce battle waged on all fronts as Joe fought valiantly to resist the encroachments of civilization. The morning follow-



ing his arrival, as I hurried across the yard to the church, mummy-like in coat with upturned collar, I almost stumbled over him. Despite the fact that the thermometer was fighting a losing battle to stay above zero, Shoeless Joe was showing a haughty disdain for our modern sanitary facilities.

Later in the day, drawn by sounds of great anguish, I discovered a teacher talking earnestly to my again-bootless friend. I picked up the sobbing child and carried him, with soothing sound effects, to Sister. From her I requested another pair of shoes and socks — his third pair of each in less than twenty-four hours.

Two hours later Nature Boy was striding across the yard, again blissfully barefoot. Fortunately by this time it was quite mild — in the low twenties. I asked a pointed question and got the expected answer, "I lost them."

I applied a few not too gentle pats where calculated to impress Joe the most. Five minutes later he had found his shoes. However, this was a temporary triumph at best. In a week's time Joe managed to work his way through at least a dozen pairs of shoes.

It is a tribute to the loving patience and persuasive ways of our Korean Sisters that in a remarkably short time Joe had made great prog-

ress in those niceties considered important in our civilization.

The Sisters even gave him a name — something like "Eternal Felicity" — but one of the priests tagged

him with a catchier and more appropriate name.

As you may know there are a limited number of family names in Ko-

rea. The Kims and the Paks make up about half of the population, and the other half use only about another hundred names. Among these is the cognomen "Sin."

The word "sin" also means the rubber shoes commonly worn by country people in Korea. "Opsin" means "without." So Joe was given a rough Korean equivalent of Shoeless Joe — "Sin Opsin." In a short time the rest of the children were calling him that; and true to his code he much preferred it to the lofty sounding name that had been imposed by the Sisters.

Joe's story, which began so pathetically, ended on a happy note. A childless police chief from a neighboring province adopted him. Would that more of our stories could end in this manner. For Joe's story is only one of many that could be told of the children in the two Maryknoll orphanages in Korea. Many of them are tragic by-products of the Korean war. Thanks to the care they receive most of them are healthy and happy. ■ ■

## OUR ADDRESS?

*It's Easy!*

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,  
MARYKNOLL, N. Y.





The Catholic vitality of a nation

is measured by the sacrifices

it is capable of making

for the missionary cause.

*Pope Pius XII in his encyclical  
"Fidei Donum," April 21, 1957*

A black and white photograph of a person walking on a dirt road in a mountainous landscape. The person is seen from behind, walking away from the camera down a dirt path. The landscape is hilly and mountainous, with some vegetation visible on the left side. The sky is clear and bright.

# The Huista Story

An unforgettable month that  
was more exciting than a fiesta.

BY JOHN M. BREEN, M.M.

■ I STAGGERED off, looking for a place to sit down and rest my weary bones. I had been worried about how the Sisters would survive the ride in. But how foolish can I be? They got off the horses in San Antonio Huista, Guatemala, with as much vigor as they had mounted them two days before.

But to begin at the beginning, the Maryknoll Sisters, who run a large school in the capital, have vacation in November and December. I had written to the Superior, asking if it would be possible for two Sisters to come to Huista for five or six weeks. I went into Huehuetenango to meet them. The two Sisters assigned here were Sister Anna Maria and Sister Marian Peter. Thanks be to God, they both knew one end of a horse from another before entering the convent because the trip in is an hour and a half by jeep and two days by horse, over pretty rugged trails.

We came down to a place called

Brooklyn's Brother Felix takes the  
high road in Guatemala's mountains.

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**Huista's men folk sat up and took notice when the Sisters taught catechism.**

San Martin. The Sisters spent the night in the small one-room adobe rectory, while I rated the local school house. We ate with the people and, while it was no fancy banquet, I must say that the people went all out to make up for what it lacked in quality by quantity. I sang High Mass in the morning and the Sisters taught doctrine. Then we saddled up and started the last day's journey in.

About two hours out of San Antonio we were met by about sixty people on horseback and, as we went along, by more on foot. By the time we entered the town there were about 300 people in the welcoming committee. The Sisters stayed in the part of the rectory

that was finished, while I took up residence in a borrowed house.

Before I had gone to meet the Sisters, I had started a two-month, day in, day out, doctrine course for the people in San Antonio Huista. There were some two hundred in the course, and it was being taught by seven of my best catechists. They had a large group ready for us when we arrived.

I had figured the Sisters would need a day or so to rest up but not on your life. They started work the next day. The people had learned the prayers, about the sacraments, the commandments. They could answer some fifty questions in the catechism.

Dividing them in groups, the

Sisters had them ready to make their First Communion in four days. Sisters took the children and young ladies, while I worked with the men. Some go children made their First Communion, and so did sixteen senioritas and fourteen men. I witnessed six marriages.

During their second and third weeks here I had arranged that the Sisters would teach doctrine to the children aged from seven to fifteen, who had made their First Communion during the past two years. Every morning from eight to twelve the Sisters worked with some 200 children. In the afternoon they had singing with boys and girls of high-school age.

I showed the Sisters some maps of my villages the people had made. These maps have all the main trails on them and all the houses, with the names of the people living in them. The coloring of each house tells if the people living there are Catholics who fulfill their obligations or Catholics in name only or spiritists or Protestants. I now have maps of Huista and some twelve villages in the parish.

I took advantage of the new permission from the bishop to say two afternoon Masses a week, going to two of the nearer villages. We left after dinner and got back to the rectory about seven at night. In each village the Sisters had about an hour-and-a-half doctrine class before Mass. It was amazing how Ladino men sat up and took notice when the Sisters taught.

I arranged a trip to more distant villages. We left on Monday and went to the village of Tajumco. In

the afternoon, while I heard some three hundred and thirty confessions, the Sisters had doctrine and games with the people. Later Sisters and people said the rosary, followed by another doctrine session. In the morning we had High Mass. After breakfast I did the baptisms.

We went to Cantinil and Petetan where we followed the same procedure. It began to rain when we left Petetan about five-thirty in the afternoon to return to the center mission. The night was on us long before we got to the rectory. All told, the trip was anything but pleasant, stumbling along mountain trails in the darkness.

One afternoon we invited some of the people to help clean the church. They were spellbound, seeing the Sisters down on their knees scrubbing the floor.

The Sisters took over the clinic while they were in town.

Fathers Reymann and Esselborn came over so we could have a Solemn High Mass to bless the new altar. Father Esselborn was celebrant; Father Reyman, deacon and I, subdeacon. The Sisters somehow or other skipped out after the singing and had a feast waiting for us.

During the last week the Sisters were here they set up a three-day retreat for women. I got the mayor's permission to use the public schools to house the people who came in from distant parts. For the retreat, we had High Mass, with a talk by the priest; then at nine, the way of the cross and conference. At two in the afternoon another conference with songs afterwards. Finally at night Solemn Benediction and con-

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Maine's Father John H. Gorham  
lays the baptismal cloth on a  
little one who has a chance of  
being raised as a Catholic, some-  
thing that his parents never had.

ference. It was a great success due to the zeal of the catechists and the ladies from town who went out and got the women to attend. There were many faces present I had never seen in church before.

On Saturday the people had a picnic to thank the Sisters and say good-by to them. On Sunday after Mass we left for Jacaltenango. One of my altar boys went along with us. He is going to enter the seminary. We spent the night in Jacaltenango, and early the next morning left with Father Al Reymann and ten boys from his parish who are also entering the seminary.

The people will long remember the Sisters' visit. God certainly used them as His instruments to bring many people back to the Church.

Two years ago I began work in the Huista valley, where live some fourteen thousand people. The en-

tire department of Huehuetenango, where Maryknollers work, is about 90% Indian but in the Huista zone the percentage is the contrary — 90% of the population Ladino. One great advantage of this is the fact that most Ladinos speak Spanish; it has its disadvantage in the inconsistency of Ladinos.

During the two years here I have managed to get the church fixed up — tile floor, benches, new altar and sanctuary, as well as a paint job for the entire building. The rectory is about half built and should be finished this coming year. The people have contributed well to the building program in both money and work.

The doctrine has gone along well mainly because of 135 volunteer catechists and my monthly visits to some fifteen or sixteen outlying villages. ■ ■

**Father Dominic J. Morrisette, from Winslow, Maine, and some of his friends.**



# Mikado Christmas

The Nativity story  
with a Japanese touch

BY DONALD J. VITTENGL, M.M.



■ MY FIRST Christmas in Japan was all I ever dreamed of and more. It began in Tokyo with a third-class train ride — a lot like taking a 300-mile trip on a trolley car, packed in and squashed midst a happy crowd of Japanese.

At the station in Uji Yamada, the first thing to catch my eye was the beautiful Crib. I spotted Father Nishimuta on the side of the hill next to the church.

This hill is about a hundred feet high. It belongs to the church. Right now only about one half of it is left. For the past five years a couple of men have come each day with pick and shovel and have cut it down — Oriental way of doing the job. Bit by bit they're getting there. Some day the people hope to have a real church built on the leveled spot.

Well, upon the highest ledge Father Nishimuta was putting the finishing touches on his Crib. The

Legion members painted life-size plywood figures for it. At night, with the lights on it looked beautiful and attracted many a passer-by to ask "Why?" Especially at the end of the year when the town was crowded with pilgrims, did it prove catechetically successful.

After supper we pooled our money and were able to buy food for some 75 poor families in town. The teenagers and some of the parents came to help us prepare the packages. Fathers Carron and Nishimuta live mainly on a Japanese diet, save money that way and are able to spend it on food for the poor.

Each poor family got about three lbs. of rice, one lb. of butter, one lb. of sugar, two lbs. of dried milk, a package of seaweed, several *mochi* (rice cakes), some candy, a big bar of soap, a face towel — a great deal for people who live in shacks made out of packing crates along the railroad tracks.

Next day was the "biggest day in my life." I offered the High Mass, with the whole parish, under the guidance of Maryknoll Sisters Agnes Mary and Maria Rosa, singing the responses. It was beautiful and I was amazed at the attendance at the Communion rail—almost 100%.

After Mass I changed to surplice and stole, and went to the rear of the church to begin the baptism of six children. Three boys: Thomas Koozaki Nishii, Antonio and Ludovico Ibaragi Nakagawa, all named after Japanese martyrs. Three girls: Lucia, Jacinta and Dorothy. Dorothy was only four months old. Her mother had to breast-feed her throughout most of the ceremony to keep her quiet — a rather quaint beauty in the naturalness of the people in such matters. The baptismal font was brand-new and the parish was quite proud of it as one of the parishioners had done the work in native wood and copper.

As I was pouring the waters of baptism over little Thomas' head, I suddenly realized something of what it means to be a missionary. All the toil and sweat of the people who made it possible for me to get here — beginning with Mom and Dad and going right up the line to the Society and its benefactors who made it possible for me to be sent here. It was a real moment of truth when God's love seemed very near to me.

After dinner, while Father Carron took care of office work, Father Nishimuta and I took the altar boys over the ceremonies for midnight Mass. They are just as wild as any

kids in the States but ready and willing to do anything for the priest. When that was done we were ready to leave. An old Japanese patriarch came to the

door and asked Father Nishimuta if he could give the altar boys a special Christmas party. Takabe-san poured tea for everyone and seemed to enjoy seeing the boys have a good time.

Later Father Carron told me the story of Takabe-san. Although he is 78 years old he was baptized only five years ago. For a long time he had a reputation for a quick and violent temper. His religion was nothing to speak of. He lived his own life and heaven help one who got in his way. One day some friends took Takabe-san to church out of "cultural curiosity." Takabe-san didn't realize it but it was faith and love at first sight. He had found a home.

His wife laughed when he got up early each morning to go to Mass. She figured it would wear off. But the weeks and months passed and he continued his daily excursion; finally he asked for instructions.

Even that failed to faze his wife. She began to get worried when he started talking to himself. Once she eavesdropped to catch his monologue. It was just after the man

*When You Make*  
**YOUR WILL**  
use our legal title:  
**Catholic Foreign Mission  
Society of America, Inc.**





**An outdoor Crib is the first inkling of Christ that Japanese passers-by get.**

next door had crossed him. She overheard Takabe saying to himself: "Now Takabe, you must not get angry; remember what Jesus told you and look at Him there on the cross (he was holding a small crucifix in his hand) suffering all that pain and not getting angry with those men who did it to Him."

Later his wife became a Catholic, and she'll tell anybody at the drop of a hat of the wonders that the Faith has wrought for them. Now she's a wonderful little catechism teacher for the old, sick shut-ins. The son and his wife and child as

well as his wife's family in Osaka have come into the Church.

On the day before Christmas we brought some of the food packages for the poor people around to the district chiefs in each section of the parish. There Christians would deliver them personally, making for better contacts. Then we worked around the church, helping the Sisters with decorations. In the afternoon we brought gift boxes of cookies to the owners of the public baths. They had graciously allowed us to put church posters at the entrance of their establishments,

free of charge. Everyone goes to public baths; they are top spots for notices. After supper of sukiyaki, we caught a cat nap.

About 8:45 P.M. Takabe-san lit a bonfire in the yard as people drifted in for confession and the baptisms. Here old people and young people alike love a fire; will stand around and warm their hands and talk over the poorest excuse for a fire. The night I was there they pulled up benches and really had a ball. I had used up all my broken-Japanese phrases so I whipped out my little old harmonica.

The smallest boy in the proces-

sion to midnight Mass was Tom, whom I had baptized the previous day. He carried the statue of Baby Jesus to the Crib. He was in front of me in the procession (I was sub-deacon) and twice I caught him as he headed for a smash-up tripping on his cassock. He was a little black-headed cherub, really cute. The Mass was beautiful — a lot like home, only the hymns and the sermon were in Japanese.

After Mass, the people stayed while Father Carron said his next two Masses, then all went over to the *dendokan* (teaching room) for the Christmas party. Many of the people had come to Mass from quite a distance out in the country so they couldn't return until next morning. They slept around the fire in the yard or in the *dendokan*.

Christmas Day I offered Mass for the people at 9:00 A.M., a community Mass with all parishioners singing the proper and several hymns. After Mass a group of pagan children from the little village of Matsushita came in for a party. Matsushita is a tiny village in a valley down by the coast. Its people are mostly fisherfolk. Only a few of them are farmers.

About six months ago a member of the Legion of Mary moved there with her family. She has one son with cerebral palsy, about eighteen years old, whom she carries everywhere on her back. Well, this little lady has worked a real apostolate in Matsushita. She has seven adults and almost all the children of the village studying the catechism in an old run-down dump they have for a town hall. Quite an accomplish-

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A parish tableau with live talent.



ment because there wasn't a single Christian before she came.

After the people left for home we got ready to go to the outstations.

On Christmas Eve two young fellows had come to the rectory and asked for the Father. When Father Carron talked with them, he found that they were members of a young workman's club at the shipyard. They told him that in imitation of the Americans for the past several years they had been having Christmas parties — about the same in style as office parties back in the U.S. This year, these two had raised the question, "Why?"

These two, on their own, tired of just drinking and dancing each year at the party, decided to go find the reason for observing Christmas. Maybe what drew them to us was the sight of the gifts given to the poor. Anyway they came and asked if we would come to their village and tell them the true meaning of Christmas.

That's where Father Nishimuta went after his Mass. Father Carron and I loaded our gear on the truck and drove out to Obata where I said Mass for the workers. Obata is a farming village with a new factory. As a lad made his First Holy Communion at my Mass, the noise of the town, with the people going about their daily tasks, reminded me that Christmas is the same as any other day in the year for most Japanese.

We had a party later for the little one who had made his First Communion. His happy face made me wonder how I ever deserved to receive the gift of the missionary priesthood! ■ ■

DECEMBER, 1957



Christmas is entering family life and thousands of Japanese homes.

**Juan's father  
raises the roof**





Following a nuptial Mass, the missionary snapped this wedding picture.

■ THIS is the story of Juan Vicente and his wife, Anna, and of how they were given a new home. Juan Vicente is eighteen years old and Anna is a year younger. They live in a little mountain village deep in the Cuchumatanes Mountains of Guatemala. Because there is a Maryknoll Missioner in their village, they were able to be married in the church. To provide a home for the young couple became a community project with all the people, both men and women, cooperating. The funds for building were provided by Juan Vicente's family. ■

## A HOUSE IN THE MOUNTAINS

*A Guatemalan Picture Story by  
Maryknoll's CONSTANTINE BURNS,  
THOMAS DEPEW, JOSEPH RICKERT*

Waiting their turn





On the peak of the roof, Anna's father waits for cross poles to come up.

■ THE actual construction work was done by the men of the village. The women were interested spectators, shouting advice and encouragement. They also contributed, however, by carrying building materials, helping to mix mud for the walls, and seeing to it that the men were fed lots of tortillas and coffee.

Building methods among the Indians are old-fashioned and tools are primitive. But gradually the house for Juan Vicente and Anna began to take shape. It was to be a worthy home. ■ ■

Skills are dated, tools are crude, every board is fashioned by hand.





**Juan Vicente and his wife make tortillas for their guests while (below) others also help to feed the friends (opposite) visiting the new house.**



■ THE big day came when the house was finished, and Juan Vicente and Anna moved in. The whole village trooped up the hill for a gala housewarming. A marimba band provided music for singing and dancing; there was plenty to eat. With dusk, the party began to break up and before long Juan Vicente and his young wife were left alone.

The newly married couple have many blessings to count. They are able to begin life in their own home and they can count on a priest to be near when he is needed. ■■

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# Esteban Gets the Works

The old man got a surprise beyond his fondest expectations.

BY FRANCIS J. GARVEY, M.M.

■ ESTEBAN was always on hand when I arrived at Deep River Indian Community in the Guatemalan mountains. It took me three and a half hours by horse, over rugged terrain, to make the trip once a month to give the old and infirm a chance to hear Mass. The younger and stronger Indians came from Deep River to Malacatancito on foot every Sunday or every second Sunday.

Esteban is seventy-five years old, and his gait has slowed almost to a shuffle. Still, nearly every second Saturday night, he and his "wife" arrive at the rectory to be on hand for Sunday morning Masses. After the last Mass, Esteban lingers at the clinic door, hoping the Padre will notice him. Usually I can't pass by his plaintive face. "What do you want, Esteban?" I ask.

"A little bit of menthol for my rheumatism," is his invariable reply. At seventy-five, his bones are beginning to ache from the ten-mile walk over the mountains. After that Esteban leaves, content, for his little home in the hills.

Deep River, like most Indian com-



munities, has been a center of Indian superstition. Every year they try to get a priest to celebrate Mass for the patronal feast. At that time they bring all their babies to be baptized. During the rest of the year, religious practice consists in burning candles to the spirits every fifth day. This cult is directed by prayer leaders, soothsayers and witch doctors.

When Maryknoll Fathers came, opposition was strong. Many believed that their worship was the proper thing to do; others feared that evil would befall them if they gave up prayers to the spirits; and some were just stubborn about any change. The witch doctors played on all these fears and prejudices.

Esteban's sons and their families were among the first to give up superstition and study the doctrine. Several of his grandchildren made their First Communion. Some of his sons became voluntary catechists who spent nearly every evening teaching prayers and catechism to neighbors.

Esteban himself had given up superstition. He never missed Mass when I went to Deep River but he did not receive the sacraments. I inquired whether he was studying the catechism, and they told me he was. Something must be wrong, I decided. Esteban and I must have a talk.

"Esteban, why aren't you receiving the sacraments?"

"Padre, I am not married to the woman yet."

"And why aren't you married? Are there some difficulties?"

"No, Padre. This is the only

woman with whom I have lived. We were never married because there was no priest here when we were young. Besides we were never able to learn the doctrine. We cannot read or write. We are very old and the head is hard. We cannot learn the prayers or the answers to the catechism."

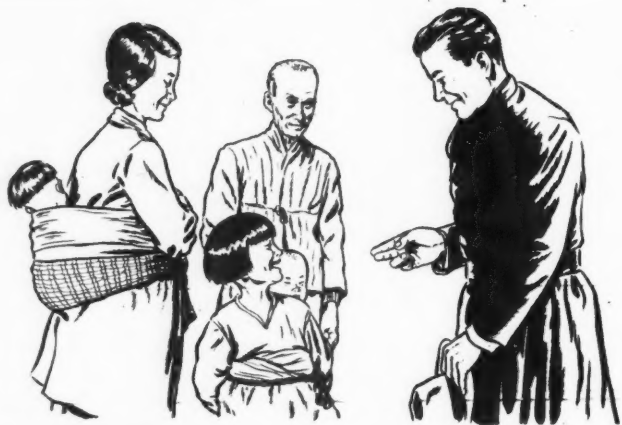
"How long have you been studying?" I asked him.

"Three years, Padre," Esteban replied. "But we are trying hard, and maybe someday we will know it. All the children are receiving Holy Communion because they learned the catechism quickly."

An examination of Esteban and his "wife" revealed that they knew the Sign of the Cross and the "Our Father" in Spanish; the "Hail Mary" in their Indian tongue. Their version of the Apostles' Creed would never be accepted by theologians. But I could tell it was the right one they were trying to say.

It would be almost impossible for these two old people to learn the questions and answers of the catechism. I settled for an explanation of the most essential points of doctrine by a catechist in their Indian tongue; and left the rest to God.

My next visit to Deep River was a joyous occasion. Esteban and his "wife" made their first confession. Then, surrounded by their children, grandchildren, and all the Catholic Indians of the community Esteban and his Mrs. received Holy Matrimony and received their Divine Lord in First Holy Communion. Despite their age, their joy was as if they were only ten years old. ■■



## Maryknoll Missioners in Asia Need each month:

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| <b>\$5</b> for support of an orphan        | <b>\$20</b> for support of an Asian Sister      |
| <b>\$5</b> for support of a blind child    | <b>\$20</b> for training an Asian seminarian    |
| <b>\$5</b> for support of an old person    | <b>\$25</b> for support of a widow and children |
| <b>\$10</b> for support of a refugee       | <b>\$30</b> for support of a missionary         |
| <b>\$10</b> for medicine for a sick person | <b>\$100</b> for medicine for a dispensary      |
| <b>\$20</b> for support of an Asian priest | <b>\$100</b> for mission rice lines             |
| <b>\$20</b> for clothes for refugees       |   |
| <b>\$20</b> for support of a catechist     |   |

## each year:

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| <b>\$20</b> for rosaries                  | <b>\$20</b> for holy pictures                 |
| <b>\$25</b> for education of a poor child | <b>\$30</b> for Mass wine                     |
| <b>\$25</b> for Mass hosts                | <b>\$50</b> for Mass candles                  |
| <b>\$20</b> for sanctuary-lamp oil        | <b>\$300</b> for youth work                   |
| <b>\$250</b> for catechisms               | <b>\$300</b> for missals and literature       |
| <b>\$505</b> salaries of schoolteachers   | <b>\$1,000</b> for upkeep of mission churches |

**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS**

**MARYKNOLL, NEW YORK**

# New Way for Heidi

FIRST IN A SERIES ON YOUTH AROUND THE WORLD



On her way home from school, Heidi de Peralta might be from anywhere in America. But she really is a modern girl of the Philippine Islands.



**A good Catholic, Heidi attends morning Mass at the Redemptorist church.**

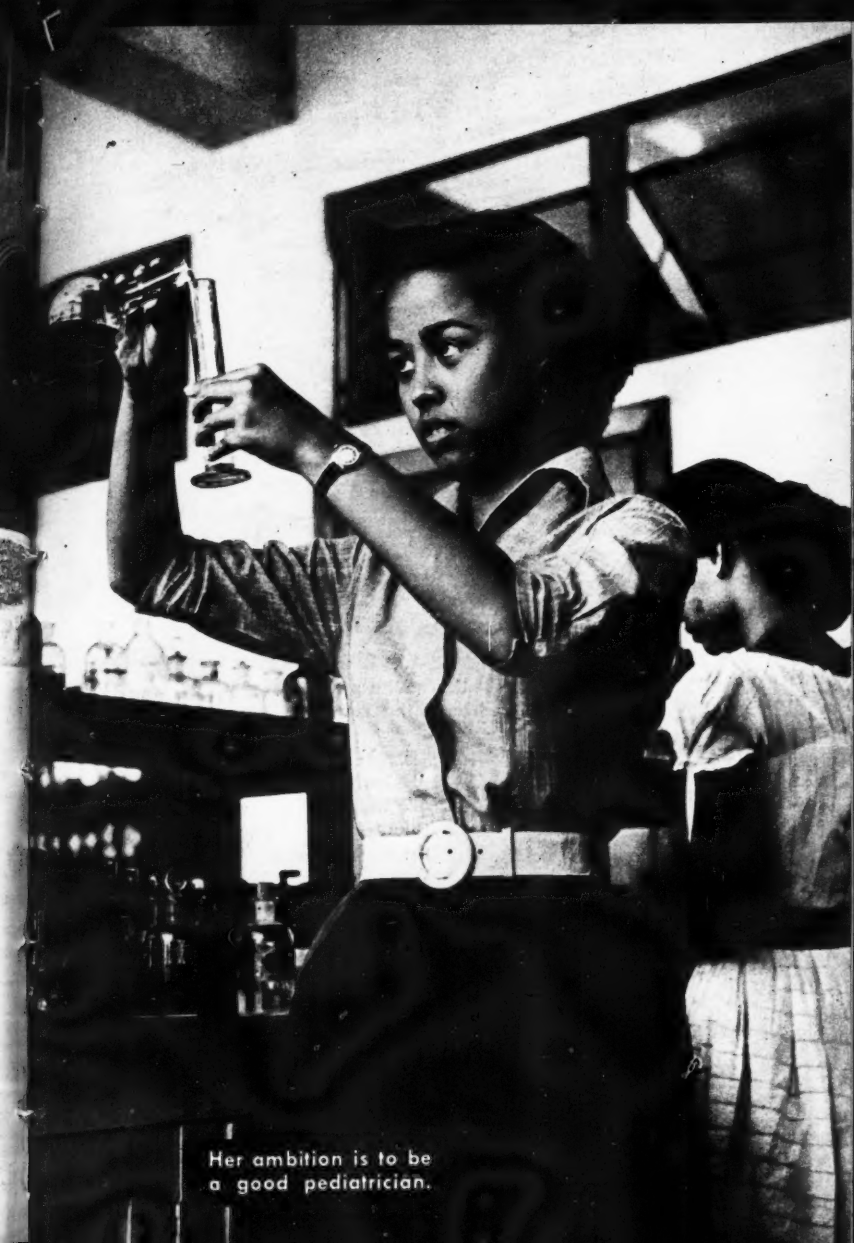
■ WALKING down the wide stairs of the Liberal Arts Building at the University of the Philippines, seventeen-year-old Heidi de Peralta might be any American college girl on her way home from classes. Instead, she is the product of many cultures and many peoples, all adapted to the Filipino way of life. Her Catholic religion came from Spain, her style of living from America, her food is indebted to the cuisines of East and West, but her qualities of generosity, gaiety, sensitivity, warmth and consideration are distinctly Filipino.

Heidi de Peralta was born in Sampaloc, a Manila suburb. Her father is a doctor. She attended

Holy Ghost elementary school and Ilocos Norte High School before passing on to the university where she is a premedical student. She hopes to be a doctor, specializing in pediatrics.

Heidi is a girl of unusual energy. Active in Scouting, she is a senior service Scout who has won many awards and honors. Last year she was voted "Girl Scout of the Year." In high school, she was president of the Student Council. She is vice-president of the National Junior Red Cross, and a prefect in the Sodality of the Children of Mary.

In a land where, until a few years ago, a woman's place was wholly within the home, Heidi is a dramat-



Her ambition is to be  
a good pediatrician.



Her weekly unchaperoned date will usually wind up at a soda fountain. From a juke box (below) she selects the latest American jazz records.



ic example of the new role women are taking in Filipino life. She has talents and is encouraged to use them. Her essay, "The World We Want," was selected as an area winner in the New York Herald Tribune contest. She also won first prize for a contribution submitted in a national feature-writing contest sponsored by the Filipino press.

Like nearly all educated Filipinos, Heidi has three languages in her grasp — English, Spanish and Tagalog. She uses them individually and when excited can mix them up. Often she begins a remark in English, interjects a Spanish

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Heidi often takes on  
the family shopping.





phrase, and ends with a Tagalog quip.

Heidi de Peralta is a product of Manila and its twentieth-century life. She is considerably different from girls outside the city or on any of the other islands (there are 7,000 of them forming the Philippines). In the country, life is centuries old. In fact, if you travel far enough into the mountains, you come among the Igorots whose culture is as it was in the earliest days of the Philippines. These are a people who until a few years ago were headhunters.

But in the Manila world of Heidi, life is more like a Hollywood representation of America with certain Spanish overtones. Here she lives, studies, and plays, moving easily between cultures. One has to look beyond the glitter of the broad boulevards, the hotels and restaurants, the modern apartment houses, the neon signs, to remember that Heidi is in Asia. ■ ■

**The Maria Clara is the national dress, from the days of Spanish rule. Bowling is from America.**



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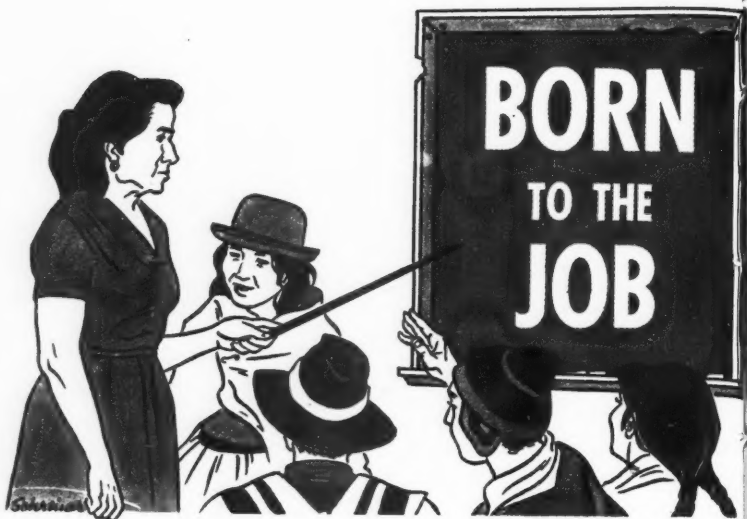
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**\$5 a month is a teacher's pay  
high in the Bolivian Andes.**

**BY JAMES F. McNIFF, M.M.**

■ I STEPPED inside a shabby school-house on the altiplano of Bolivia. I saw odd boards nailed where windows used to let light in, rickety benches, the floor paved with irregular bricks.

The motley group of 80 boys and girls, between the ages of eight and fourteen, was gratifyingly different. That was due to their teacher, Alicia.

The boys wore typical below-the-knee pants, woven at home in a rough and uneven hand weave by

the Indian mammas; the wool from their own sheep that they themselves had shorn, carded and spun. Most of the boys were barefoot; some had sandals made out of pieces of abandoned tire; the feet of all were caked with dirt. Their hair was uncombed, uncut, hanging down over their ears, spotted with bits of straw from the previous night's bedding, and other foreign matter—some of it alive. The girls wore their hair in braids and pigtailed with an occasional shred of a ribbon. Their dresses were cleaner than the clothes the boys wore but their faces were dirty and their noses running.

The pupils looked scared when they saw me appear in the school-house a few days before Christmas to examine them on the doctrine

and hear their confessions — most for the first time. Their eyes were popping out as they knelt on the floor in one of the classrooms, next to the teacher's shaky chair set up as a confessional. Most of them required a word or two of assurance and a little prompting on the opening words of the formula — "Bless me, Father, for I have sinned" — before they could put their minds fully to the business of confession.

For over two hours a steady traffic of young penitents entered the classroom, made their confessions and retired to the open corridor to kneel there and say their penances.

Halfway through this session, sounds of crying and suppressed sobs began to be audible from the corridor outside. Gradually the sound became more and more pronounced. Some of the youngsters had faces stained with tears, sensible proof of earnest sorrow for having offended God.

When the last confession was heard, the sounds from outside had increased in crescendo to a wail. With furrowed brow and perplexed gaze, I stepped out into the corridor to see what was going on. Various groups were leaning against the adobe walls, with their faces hidden in their arms; some were sobbing; others were wailing as they are accustomed to do at funerals.

Consulting Alicia, I learned that the children were so impressed

with the thought that sin offends God and that they must be sorry for their sins to obtain forgiveness, that a few of them had begun to show their sorrow. Others had

joined in. I asked Alicia to start some hymns in Quechua. Slowly, as the hymns seeped into their hearts, the faces changed.

Happily they watched Alicia as she led them in these songs of praise and gratitude to God.

It was evident from the way they looked at her with such respect and eagerness to please that Alicia is a dominant influence in their lives. She has succeeded in giving to these simple children a concrete reflection and example of Our Lord's love for them. They could imagine no greater happiness than winning Alicia's smiling approval.

When I was ready to leave, Alicia singled out three boys. "Father," she said, "these boys want to become priests, and would like to enter the seminary. They are very good boys and intelligent, too."

I took my leave, amidst shouts and cheers and good-bys from Alicia's pupils. One of the three classrooms of the shabby school I was leaving does double duty as living quarters for this middle-aged school teacher. She has put in 25 years of faithful service, not because of the salary (\$5 a month) but rather to fulfill her calling as one born to the job of teaching little ones of the altiplano.

### A PRIESTLY VOCATION

**is not established by inner feeling or devout attraction but by a right intention together with physical, intellectual and moral qualities.**

**Pope Pius XI**



## *A Christmas Thought*

Christmas is the time of miracles and marvels.  
But the great wonder of all is the love  
God showed mankind by becoming one of us.  
How can we repay this unfathomable love?  
Only by leading a life worthy of the Christ Child.  
Only by helping to give to all men everywhere  
The story of God who out of love became man.



# Two of the Old Folks

BY THOMAS E. McKEE, M.M.

■ I HAPPENED to glance up as I was saying the Breviary in front of the church in Chungpyong, Korea. An old woman was coming up the dirt road near the church. A girl of about fifteen held the old one's arm. Supported on the other side by a cane, she managed to hobble along. I remember a passing thought at the moment: here was another indication of the natural kindness and gentleness Koreans show.

I went ahead with the Breviary only to be startled at becoming aware of the old lady near me. Between gasps for breath she greeted me: "Praised be Jesus!" I responded, "Amen."

Then she started to jabber. I could not understand a word at first. The Korean language is always hard to understand. When very old country people speak, it is even harder. I turned to the girl who had come with her; I could understand what she told me. The old lady is 84 years old, and the two of them had come in from a village twelve miles back in the

hills so the old lady would be able to go to confession.

The woman could speak only a few words and then had to stop and rest because of her extreme age and a sickness that I believe was heart trouble. Gradually I came to understand her. Her name is Maria. I took her into church and, because she could not kneel upright, had her sit on the floor during confession.

A few days later I supplied the ceremonies of baptism for an old man. He had earlier expressed a desire to study the catechism, and then, becoming very ill, had been baptized by the catechist. His house is in the pot-makers' section of town — a closely grouped cluster of homes, each surrounded by a wall. The pot-makers are mostly all Catholics; have been since one of the early persecutions.

I left my shoes at the door, stooped and entered and knelt on the floor with the catechist. I sent for the baptism sponsor. He came with his wife — two splendid Catholics. Meanwhile non-Catholic householders were going about their work. The men were weaving rice straw for the roof; the women were working on the ingredients for *kimchi*; the children were minding the babies and hiding from the strange foreigner. I called all into the room and had the catechist explain what I was going to do. I said a few words to them about God. The Catholics present said the rosary while I supplied the ceremonies of baptism. The sick man was very grateful to me for coming. Now his whole family wants to study the catechism. ■ ■



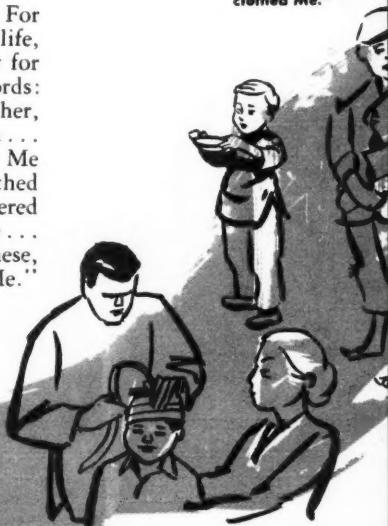
# How Much <sup>eternal</sup> Life Insurance is Enough?

Or, how much mercy is enough? For it's our mercy and charity, during life, which will determine our destiny for eternity. Hear Our Lord's words: "Come, you blessed of My Father, into the Kingdom prepared for you . . . for I was hungry, and you gave Me food; I was naked, and you clothed Me; I was homeless, and you sheltered Me; I was sick and you came to Me . . . for as long as you did it to one of these, My least brethren, you did it to Me."

"I was hungry, and you gave Me food."

"I was naked, and you clothed Me."

"I was homeless, and you sheltered Me."



"I was sick and you came to Me."

## THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS

## MARYKNOLL, NEW YORK

Dear Fathers,

I enclose \$..... to relieve the poor and suffering, by the work of mercy I have checked opposite, in Maryknoll mission out-posts on four continents.

- ☐ food
- ☐ clothing
- ☐ shelter
- ☐ medicine
- ☐ charity fund

My Name .....

My Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....





# The Hands of Mercy

From the new book

*Her Name is Mercy*

BY SISTER MARIA DEL REY

■ WHEN HER labor pains began in the early evening, Suk Myunie was just where she didn't want to be — on the other end of town from the Maryknoll Sisters' Clinic in Pusan, Korea.

Well, there was no help for it. She had come out there to beg because so many Americans were in that section of town. However, pickings were slim, mostly because she was no good at begging. She had to push herself to whine and pluck the sleeves of the passers-by.

Besides, now that Chung Doh was puffy from malnutrition, he got very little sympathy. What was it the two American ladies had said? Oh, yes! "Do look at that fat boy! They can't all be so poor!"

But, because it was Christmas Eve, they gave the child a coin.

Suk Myunie raised herself up from the street and took Chung

Doh's hand. "Where are we going, *Omani*?" the four-year-old asked.

"*Omani* is sick," she told him. "Come. We have a long walk."

Several times she crawled between buildings to rest, and found the crevice already occupied.

By midnight, she knew she wouldn't make it, although she had only a mile or so to go now. She lay still beside the concrete abutment of a bridge and waited for the birth of her baby. Chung Doh, poor boy, was stumbling from weariness anyway. He could roll himself up in the barley sack as he did every night, and fall asleep. Even in her pain, the mother tucked the sacking in around him. She was alone with the great fact of birth.

Suk Myunie had no very clear idea of what she would do with the baby when it was born. She really hadn't thought that far ahead. Her goal had been to get to the Clinic, a goal she had set many months before, back in the palmy days when her husband was living and they had a shack with even a floor in it.

It was maybe three o'clock when she started off for the Clinic again, this time with the new-born one in her arms. Chung Doh kept close to her. It was painful, but she made the rest of the way in slow stages. In an hour or so, she sat herself just outside the Clinic back gate to wait for dawn.

The alley was deserted. If she had turned the corner, she would have found a crowd lining up for the morning opening. She preferred to be alone; there was the problem to think out.

Should I? Or shouldn't I? In

her malnourished body, she knew there was no milk for the baby. Supposing the Sisters did give her milk powder for him. How could she heat it, and keep the bottle clean, living as she did on the street? How could she come all the way back here for further supplies of milk powder every three or four days? Chung Doh was failing — was it right to keep another hungry child?

On the other hand, suppose she left the little one swaddled in rags right here beside the gate. The Sisters would find a home and a foster mother. Every week, the baby would be checked. He'd develop into a rolypoly, a beautiful, strong, intelligent baby with red cheeks and shoe-button eyes. Eventually a handsome active boy — who would never know his mother.

"I can't," Suk Myunie whispered. "You're mine. I can't leave you here. And yet . . ."

At six, Johnny Rhee the watchman found her. First thing each morning he always checked the back gate for abandoned babies. Suk Myunie started up guiltily as if to run away. But she had dallied too long. The problem was solved.

A project to aid Korean war widows provides security for women like Suk Myunie. Given work to do, they are able to support themselves in decency by embroidery and other crafts. This work is under the direction of Sister M. Gabriella, who also takes an active part in KAVA, Korean Association of Voluntary Agencies. Together the welfare agencies are working to put post-war Korea back on its feet. ■ ■





## ***Are You Here?***

... to help the refugees in Korea with Christ's own loving compassion?

You may think yourself cozily at home but in spirit you ARE in this picture. That is, IF you have helped train a Maryknoll Sister to minister to all the world.

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### **MARYKNOLL SISTERS, Maryknoll, N. Y.**

This sum of \$..... is to help prepare a Sister for work on the field.

Name.....

Address.....City.....Zone.....State.....

As long as I can, I will send \$..... a month. I realize I can stop this at any time.



# ORPHAN VALLEY



BY JEROME A. TRETTEL, M.M.

■ TWO centuries ago, a bell in the steeple was the only clock known in Llungacura, a town hidden in a valley of the coastal range of central Chile. It rang out announcing to the people each new day with the morning Angelus. At noon it stopped them at their plows or scythes, reminding them that Mary was their mother and God their Father. Again at dusk it chimed when the hills changed from deep green to purple.

Sometimes the bell tolled sorrowfully for a departed neighbor. On other occasions it pealed with joy, celebrating fiestas. On the Lord's day it summoned all to assist at the Holy Sacrifice.

For many years within the walls of this house of God, infants were made God's children by the waters of Baptism; soldiers of Christ by the Sacrament of Confirmation. Young love was blessed in Holy Matrimony. Souls became clean by the priest's absolution in confession. All were fed and strengthened by Our Lord in Holy Communion.

Yes, it was truly God's home. Its presence told all the people that God was near and they must be His faithful children. Sadly enough this wonder in the Llungacura valley did not last. A priest is needed in order that God may stay in such a home on earth. And one day there

was no longer any priest available for Llungacura.

No priest to administer the sacraments or offer Holy Mass. No priest to make God feel at home there. The Blessed Sacrament was removed; the sanctuary lamp extinguished. The doors were closed; the bell silenced. The glory of God's home gradually became only a memory to the people of the valley.

With passing years the elements gnawed into this former house of God. An occasional earthquake shook it. Finally — no one seems to know just when — it crumbled and fell in a heap on the ground.

Years went by and the adobe bricks became part of the soil on which the church had once nobly stood. For many years now, wheat has been sown and harvested where once the Bread of Life came to the hearts and souls of Llungacura's people.

When I visited the valley, the people pointed out the place where God had His home. There I saw a spot of ground higher than the surrounding field. Looking carefully, I found a few pieces of red roof tile. I knew that this is holy ground. Right there, as well as many times since, I prayed for more priests so that on the very spot where I stood God would come home again to Llungacura. ■ ■

# The Gift of Faith

BY ALBERT J. NEVINS, M.M.

■ ONE of the most important missionary documents ever to appear is the memorable encyclical letter of our Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, that was issued this year urging the bishops of the world to renew their efforts to carry out the apostolic mission of the Church. Although the letter was addressed to the bishops, it is in actuality a blueprint for action by every person who calls himself Catholic.

At the start of the directive, the Holy Father gives the motives that must make all of us work harder for the spread of the Church. The first reason is a gratitude for the Faith that has been given us. People sacrificed that we might be Catholics, now we should do the same for others.

The second reason is the love we should have for all men, a love that makes us unhappy when we realize that many people do not know Christ. The third reason is that as Catholics we should want our Church to be catholic, or universal. "A Christian is not truly faithful and devoted to the Church," says the Holy Father, "if he is not equally attached and devoted to her universality, desiring that she take root and flourish in all parts of the earth."

The Holy Father then makes a

special study of Africa, pointing out the tremendous opportunities that exist there and the need for more priests. The Holy Father points out that Africa is undergoing rapid political and social changes, and that it is "necessary quickly to form a select group of Christians."

The Holy Father then develops the idea that successful mission work demands the co-operation of the entire Church. "Nothing," says the Pope, "is more foreign to the Church of Jesus Christ than division. Nothing is more harmful to her life than isolation, retiring into oneself, and all the forms of collective egotism that induce a particular Christian community, whatever it may be, to close itself up within itself."

Catholics have a triple missionary duty, declares the Pope. The first duty is to pray for the missions. The Holy Father points out the immense spiritual needs and requests all the faithful to pray and "pray still more."

The second duty of every Catholic is to support the missions with his alms. Expressing appreciation for what is already being done, the Holy Father reminds all of us that "the development of the missionary apostolate depends upon



your liberality. The face of the world can be renewed with a victory of charity."

The Holy Father then turns to the third obligation of Catholics — supplying missionary vocations. He calls upon the bishops to condition the faithful so that they will respond to this need. He recognizes the needs of the Church at home but reminds that Our Lord gave the example of the widow's mite to teach us the value of sacrifice and generosity. "A Christian community which gives its sons and daughters to the Church cannot die," assures the Vicar of Christ. "God will not let himself be outdone in generosity."

The Holy Father calls for closer co-ordination between the homeland clergy and missionaries. He asks the bishops to co-operate with the superiors of societies training men for the missions. The Holy See has charged those groups to meet urgent needs but they cannot get vocations and grow without the understanding of the local bishops.

In this encyclical letter, the Holy Father touches other subjects. He has words of praise for the lay mission movement and calls for its development. He calls for aid and attention to foreign students so that they will be brought into contact with centers of Catholic life. He asks every bishop to appoint a priest to work with foreign students.

This is an encyclical upon which every Catholic should ponder, particularly those in positions of authority and responsibility. ■ ■

# Maryknoll

Catholic Foreign Mission  
Society of America, Inc.

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL  
THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



*Maryknoll, the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, was established in 1911 by the American bishops to recruit, train, send and support American missionaries in areas overseas assigned to Maryknoll by the Holy Father. Maryknoll is supported entirely by free will offerings and uses no paid agents.*

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"While our heart embraces the whole world's flock of Christ, it turns with special feeling towards you, beloved children of the United States . . . Every nation has its mission society. Yours is Maryknoll. Your society for foreign missions, Maryknoll . . . counts among its missionaries so many of your heroes and heroines."

— Pope Pius XII in Mission Sunday  
Address to American Catholics



# Clear Water Reports

**Sunshine for a pagan festival;  
a pouring rain for Christmas.**

**BY FRANCIS X. KEELAN, M.M.**

■ A DEVASTATING earthquake shook central Formosa and completely destroyed the temple of the pagan goddess Kuan Yin in Clear Water in the year 1935. The people took a long time to rebuild it. Not until the eleventh month of 1956 was the work finished. So great had been the sacrifices entailed that the celebration was to be on such a scale

as to make men gape and stare in astonishment.

I bear witness that these ambitions were realized beyond expectation. Other priests, old China hands like myself, who visited here at the time, were amazed at the display of false worship that took possession of the town for three days. Never before had we seen anything like it. At the opening of every street were erected bamboo scaffoldings 30-40 feet high, festooned with electric lights and Oriental lanterns. Tables piled with food that had been offered to devils lined the streets. Fifty pagan plays catered to a mob of 200,000 people

crowded in Clear Water. The estimated cost was \$300,000.

For the entire three days there was perfect weather: no wind, no sand, no clouds of sackcloth to hide the sun or threaten rain. Outwardly everything was serene, the answer to any pagan's prayer. Here at the mission we had a triduum, featuring Benediction and rosary, to which the Christians responded faithfully, as acts of reparation for the pagan orgy.

A few days later we began preparations for Christmas. The men set to work building a scaffolding for the front of the mission, and the women got together each day to make paper flowers and lanterns to decorate the scaffolding. The Sunday before Christmas, their only chance to put it together, they started at noon and had it finished that night.

It looked wonderful — all lit up with colored lights, a large picture of the Nativity over the central arch, festooned with paper flowers of many colors.

Less than an hour after it was completed the wind rose; it started to rain and kept it up all night. By next morning the paper flowers were a sorry sight. On Christmas Eve, the people begged off work in

the afternoon and endeavored to repair the damage — only to have their efforts ruined by another downpour. It rained practically all Christmas day.

Li the carpenter, a man without guile, looked from the dripping decorations to me, saying nothing. Taunting remarks were heard on the street, some of the pagans drawing odious comparisons between the weather at their festival and ours. The Christians were mystified, wondering how God Almighty could rain on the just and cause His sun to shine on a world of superstition.

To outward appearances, it was a tremendous letdown. Nevertheless, there was a record attendance at all Christmas Masses and long lines of communicants.

It is the Mass that dispels all doubt. No matter how the Gentiles rage and meditate vain things, there is always this great consolation, this infinite daily proof of God's Incarnate Love in the Holy Sacrifice. Time was when there was only a handful of Spanish priests scattered over the island. Now, from more than 400 altars in all parts of Formosa, Mass is offered. God is worshipped by an ever-increasing number of souls. ■ ■

## AT LEAST ONE

EACH Christian family must therefore aim at producing apostolic souls; true Christian mothers and fathers of the future, and especially priests and religious to carry on the mission of the Sacred Heart in His Church. Our Holy Father has declared it mandatory for fathers and mothers that they "pray to God to make them worthy to have at least one of their sons called to His service."

— Bishop Charles H. Helmsing





Father Schanberger and Brother Jean check the registration of each student.

# School for Farmers

■ TO TRAIN the sons of agricultural workers in central Chile Maryknoll opened an agricultural and junior-high school in 1947. Today the school has an enrollment of 140 boys.

The Molina school was organized by Father James F. McNiff, of Peabody, Mass. Present director is Father Lawrence Schanberger, from Baltimore, Md. He is assisted by

Brothers Jean (from Chicago), Sylvester (Long Island, N. Y.) and Harvey (Akron, Ohio).

The school offers classes in the main types of farming and agricultural mechanics common in that region of Chile. The school has an experimental farm, vineyards, orchards. Chickens, rabbits and bees are cared for by the students. Cows supply milk for the school and

Recently arrived pupils, dressed in Chilean huaso outfits, try the horses.



**Above:** Future farmers are no strangers to heavy lifting. **Below:** Father Schanberger questions boys on seedlings. **Right:** Their wheat is ready for harvest.



pigs, meat and pork chops.

The Chilean farm boy finds it hard to leave his home, poor as it is. But he soon learns to like his second home, the school. Life is not so carefree. He has to take his turn at chores as at home. He has to study hard to prepare for classes in reading, arithmetic, Spanish, botany, personal hygiene, drawing, and all the other things that make life hard for schoolboys. He becomes a member of a soccer team; he learns basketball;

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**Two boys admire rabbits they raised to take home. Below: Planting future meals. Right: Boys learn first hand about such things as irrigation ditches.**



he learns to live and work and play with others. He knows he has a chance to better himself.

Pupils get a good grounding in every phase of agriculture. They tend truck gardens from spring plowing to seeing their produce served in the school's dining room.

After completing training, boys return to their *fundos*. Can they fail to better the living standards of their families; to move into more responsible positions? Can they fail to influence for good entire communities?

MARYKNOLL







From Lawrence, Mass., into this wee African's heart, came Father Bradley.

# Song in their Hearts

Africans slow down life enough  
to have ample time to enjoy it.

BY JAMES W. BRADLEY, M.M.

■ ENRICO and Marliciano are the most unforgettable Africans I have met. I couldn't write about the one without writing about the other; they are inseparable. They have the best record here at the mission for attendance at Mass each morning, evening prayers, Benediction. What makes the record quite unusual is the fact that Enrico and Marliciano are blind.

Enrico and Marliciano are about the same age, in their early twenties. Each is of medium height, has a powerful body and possesses a rich voice. Enrico always wears a brown *ng'honjo* (robe), and Marliciano the conventional shorts and shirt. If I am walking along one of the many paths here, and Enrico

and Marliciano are in the neighborhood, I'm sure to hear them. Coming to and from the mission they always have a song in their hearts — mostly hymns to our Blessed Mother. Enrico sings bass and Marliciano carries the tune — and their harmony is good.

I am always amazed at the way these two travel about. There are no buildings to guide them, no easy methods of transportation. Their trips take them along wide-open fields, through close brush, across small and large streams.

Enrico and Marliciano must know every stone here on the mission property. They walk up to the mission path, turn at the right spot, walk into the chapel, and go

MARYKNOLL

straight to the stone kneeler, with no fumbling or use of canes.

The other day I was walking down the road with Marliciano. We had gone quite a distance when we heard a voice calling. I turned around and there coming towards us, racing at top speed, was Enrico. He claimed he needed the exercise — as if the five-mile walk from home twice a day to the mission was not enough.

We'll be losing Enrico and Marliciano soon. We are sending them to South Africa to attend a special school. There they will learn a trade. From my observation of these two, I think I will one day receive news that Enrico and Marliciano are president and vice president of the school.

Though we will be losing two fine voices here in Sukumaland, we will not be without song. The Basukuma are people who love to sing. Song and dance play a large part in the life of the Sukuma. All over Sukumaland in the evenings when the moon is shining, young and old gather for song fests and dances. They divide into two great groups of dancing societies (*baguna* and *bagika*) to one of which all smaller dance societies belong.

Competitive dances between these societies are extremely popular. On a day chosen for competition, two singers and their respective followers meet; they divide into two groups which take their stands at some distance from each other. Each group sings a song prepared by its leader for the occasion. Sometimes both groups sing and dance at the same time. The victor is the leader

who is able to draw the majority of the spectators over to his side. Many means are used besides songs to arouse interest in the spectators; mimicking, acrobatics, skillful deceptions or the mock killing and bringing back to life of a member of the group.

The dances of the snake charmers and porcupine hunters particularly excel in such tricks. Often the words of the songs are intended to hold the opponent up to ridicule; but a singer may insult his adversary as much as he likes without fear of inciting anger.

Just like McNamara's Band, the *baguna* sing and dance at every wake and wedding and fancy ball. Every time we have a wedding at the mission there is singing and dancing with bells on the feet. The dances and songs tell a story that fits the occasion or teaches a lesson. After dancing at the mission for a couple of hours, all leave for the home of the bride's father, and the reception, for a couple of days.

One thing I've noticed is that the people of Africa really love their children. Africans are model parents. Orders are given without sharpness; questions are put without menace. It seems to me that African parents and other grownups remember when they were children. The children, even small ones, are seldom punished — at least as a method of education. A child is punished usually only when an adult has been provoked to a short-lived temper. Ill treatment of children is rare among the Sukuma.

African parents regard their children as assets and not liabilities; only

# CANTONESE KOREAN

SPANISH MANDARIN TAIWANESE  
 JAPANESE HAKKA

**Speak Swahili** like an African tribesman . . . or Quechua like an Indian goat-herder on the rim of the Andes . . . *in the universal language of love!* You can "speak" heart-to-heart to anyone anywhere in Maryknoll's world-wide missions.

For charity has no need of words. It's measured by deeds. Like giving rice to hungry refugee children in Hong Kong. Or putting a dress on an orphan girl in Africa. Like providing wonder drugs for a Korean mother with tuberculosis. The silent works of mercy can be your way of shouting the story of hope and love to the poor, the sick and the suffering. Will you? Today?

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Dear Fathers,

I enclose \$..... for the Maryknoll Charity Fund to send my message of mercy to those in misery around the world.

My Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone ... State ...

a madman would destroy or damage valuable property of his own.

Boys and girls in Africa begin to work when just little shavers. I walk the plains and see a herd of sheep, goats or cattle being tended by little fellows just as high as the sheep being tended. The girls aid their mothers about the home, helping to prepare meals, fetching water, and in many other household chores. In the planting season all members of the family work side by side in the field, preparing the soil for the future harvest.

When the heavy rains set in, here in Sukumaland, a wonderful new richness is brought to the once parched and dried-up earth. I have stood on one of the small hills and gazed down into the valley and enjoyed a view of green trees and shrubs, neatly plowed fields, and a hut peacefully resting in the middle.

With the coming of the rains, however, there is the inevitable sickness that follows. The nights are damp and chilly, and the people become easy victims of pneumonia and malaria. It is at this time of the year that we receive most of our sick calls. Our mission has thirty villages to attend, and often the Padri is unable to reach some of the sick when a call comes into the mission. Where once there was a small stream to ford, there is now a river, ten feet deep and with a current which makes it impossible to cross. Sometimes I wait for several hours, hoping the waters will recede enough to allow passage. If not, then I come back to the mission and hope tomorrow won't be too late.



MARYKNOLL

# What ONE Priest Can Do!



**LIEUTENANT COMMANDER MAINO, NAVY PILOT, HOLDER OF THE AIR MEDAL AND THE DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS, HAS CHANGED UNIFORMS. IN THE BLACK CASSOCK OF A MARYKNOLL MISSIONER HE WAGES SPIRITUAL WAR TO WIN JAPAN FOR CHRIST.**

**FATHER MAINO, OF DETROIT, ENTERED MARYKNOLL AFTER THE WAR. ORDAINED IN 1951, HE WAS IMMEDIATELY ASSIGNED TO HOKKAIDO, JAPAN. FLUENT IN THE LANGUAGE HE IS PASTOR OF TOMAKOMAI, WHERE HE IS ASSISTING DISTRESSED PEOPLE AND INSTRUCTING MANY IN THE CHURCH.**



**The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, N. Y.**

12-7

Dear Fathers:

I am interested in laboring for souls as a missionary. Please send me free literature about becoming a Maryknoll

☐ Priest

☐ Brother

Name.....

Street.....

City.....Postal Zone.....

State.....Age.....School.....Grade.....



# On the Edge of Trouble

Tender the hands that dress the raw open wounds of his people.

BY JOHN W. LENNON, M.M.

■ THE NIGHT Father Grundtner took over his new parish in Longos, right in the middle of the Huks' territory in the Philippines, there was a great deal of shooting but nobody was hurt. Since April, when a councilor's wife and daughter were killed by Huks, the Army has sent about 5,000 trainees to our area. This is a problem that gives the Manila newspaper headlines; it will go on and on.

Meanwhile every Sunday Father Mershon and I go across Laguna de Bay to the barrios for Mass. First we put our raincoats on backwards; this keeps the spray from totally soaking us.

One priest must sit in the bow of the boat to push the water lilies out of the way. After about an hour of paddling and rowing we are out of the weeds, ready for the trip across

the bay. Many days of rain stir up the waters of the lake quite a bit, and the little rowboat ships much water.

Last Sunday, when we were in the middle of the bay, a tropical storm happened to cross our path. Did we get soaked!

We couldn't dock the boat because the breakers were too high. I climbed out into shallow water, and Father Mershon turned the boat around to start for the next barrio where he would say Mass. Wading to the shore in the pouring rain I must have been some sight. The catechist and I walked up the muddy path between the pig and duck pens, and finally reached the nipa hut that is the chapel in Bonilan. Its dirt floor was muddy because of the storm.

The catechist set up the altar for

MARYKNOLL

Mass while I heard confessions seated on a cracker barrel, with a green cloth separating the penitents from the priest. A big sow just outside seemed interested in the goings on. Surprising to me that despite all the rain and mud the small chapel was crowded. The little ones came up close to the altar and watched everything that I did during Mass. Some even asked their companions questions about my actions.

I couldn't help thinking of another crude shelter where Christ became present. The cave didn't have a leaky metal roof but it must have been uncomfortable in other ways. We had the same Guest. Seeing the happiness and gratitude of these people for the priest's coming made the wind seem warmer and my clothes didn't seem as wet.

Pakil parish has four barrios, Kabalusan, Kasinsin, Kasarial and Bonilan. Every Sunday we have Mass in two barrios, alternating each week. Bonilan has a nipa hut with a GI roof for a chapel. Kabalusan has a fairly large wooden building with a cement floor. Kasinsin has wooden walls but there is no roof over the section used for Mass so we have to pray it doesn't rain. The altar is falling apart because the ants have been eating rather heavily of late. The people in Kasarial have not been able to put up a chapel yet so Mass is said in the elementary school.

People living in these barrios are unbelievably poor. Their only means of livelihood is selling bananas in the larger towns. The hitch is that there are great quan-

ties of bananas in the towns too. Almost everyone has banana trees. Barrio people fish to keep alive; it's no wonder the Huks were able to recruit many of them for the Red cause. Hopes are not too high in the barrios.

We have catechists working every day in these settlements, and the Faith is changing the children. They attend Mass and are beginning to bring their parents and older brothers and sisters. There are no roads to the barrios so the people are very isolated.

The Maryknoll Fathers' high school is doing wonderful work for all the parishes we have in this section. Before the school started few children went to Sunday Mass; now the school children all go; older people are following suit. The pupils make up the Legion of Mary groups in the different parishes and the choirs and the altar boys. There are some two hundred and thirteen pupils attending the high school. At present it consists of only the first two classes. Next year we will add a third class, and the following year we will have a complete high school course.

First Friday here is a day on which all the children and plenty of the older folks go to Mass and receive Communion. Every month more go; the habit is taking root.

Last First Friday we had an investiture of the altar boys as Knights of the Altar. They knelt in the form of a cross on the altar steps; everyone was greatly impressed. Twenty-four boys were invested. They have meetings every two weeks and never miss. ■ ■



# Hokkaido Holiday

A warm winter wonderland.

BY WALTER T. KELLEHER, M.M.

■ A FEW days before Christmas, when language school adjourned for the holidays, Brother Adrian and I left Tokyo by night train for the far north. Next morning we awoke to find ourselves traveling through snowy northern Honshu. By noon we were tossing on the straits between Honshu and Hokkaido aboard a four-stack steamer that made my hometown Staten Island ferry look like a rowboat. As night fell, we were on an express train plowing through a fresh snowstorm still heading

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north — to East Muroran, the little Pittsburgh of Hokkaido.

Tall, lean Father Schroering crunched through the snow to meet us. Smoke was drifting from the rectory chimney. Soon, after a quick dip in a boiling Japanese tub, we were huddled around a coal stove for a long, pleasant evening.

As the time for midnight Mass approached and the people began to arrive despite the falling snow, the parish priests took turns hearing confessions and overseeing the

Christmas party. I took over as sacristan; there was nothing else I was equipped to do, and there was no one else to do it. Preparing vestments for the Solemn Mass, I discovered we had only two cinctures, so I made shift with a piece of clothesline.

Two high-school boys served as acolytes; all they did was hold candles — standing, kneeling, or even sitting. But they really looked the part, despite the fact that we had only one large and one very short

cassock for them. One of the boys deftly donned the diminutive soutane and tied its arms about his waist. With a full-sized surplice over all, the effect was almost perfect.

The poor catechist had his hands full trying to triple as master of ceremonies, censor-bearer, and usher all at

the same time. We three priests lent vocal support whenever possible to the enthusiastic but sometimes shaky singing of the Ordinary parts of the Mass by the entire congregation. Father Gorman from his position as subdeacon was able to struggle through the Proper parts with his special choir. All in all, it was a most inspiring midnight Mass.

After the Solemn Mass, Father Schroering finished his other two Christmas Masses. Father Gorman helped those who could not return home that night find a place to sleep in the teaching rooms.

After the regular Masses Christmas morning, the indefatigable curate broke out his trusty slide projector and some Japanese filmstrips to regale local small fry. There were bingo games with prizes for almost everyone.

Christmas evening Father Gorman offered Mass for the many who must work on Christmas Day (a reminder that Japan is still a pagan country). I took my leave with the assurances of the catechist and the cook that they looked forward to my return sometime soon

when my Japanese would have become "very skillful."

Next stop was Tomakomai, a papermill town, where Christmas Eve was also moving day, a combination hard to imagine and even harder to manage. Just ask the pastor, Father Maino, and his curate, Father Luckey — they did it.

Of course, they had the help of Brother Adrian and Brother Jerome.

Next day, with Father Luckey, I left for the central mission and railhead of Iwamizawa where the curate, Father Gilmartin, had scheduled a basketball game for the Maryknoll Fathers against the local high school teachers in their gym. Father Gorman from East Muroran and Father Hesler from the hills of Yubari made a full team.

Teachers came out at the short end of a 60 to 32 score. This may not have been diplomatic on our part but all was forgiven when we invited the teachers' team to the rectory for supper.

I think the stock of the pastor, Father Ryan, went away up after the fine supper he had prepared for all of us weary athletes. Next day all the Maryknollers in Hokkaido enjoyed his virtuosity in the kitchen again at the small dinner.

I headed back for Tokyo and language school with an added incentive to work harder at my Japanese. Next time I will be able to more adequately respond to the warm hearts of the people of this cold island. ■ ■

### 100% CLEAR

**Maryknoll has no paid agents;  
100 cents of every \$1 given  
to Maryknoll is used entirely  
for missionary purposes.**



# Rudolph the Red-nosed Chameleon

BY WILLIAM J. RICHARDSON, M.M.

■ I GOT quite a start when I first noticed him, on the wall about two feet over my head.

The Brother, who had shown me to my room, smiled when he saw me jump. "Don't worry about that little fellow. He doesn't eat young priests — just mosquitoes. That's a Formosan chameleon."

When I could study my little friend more closely, I realized that he is only four inches long and isn't covered with the horny spikes that my imagination had first attributed to him. "Well, just the same, Brother, I don't think I want him for a roommate."

"Oh, I think you'll appreciate having him around when you find out how useful he is," answered Brother. "In Taiwanese his name is Man's Little Friend. He'll eat all the mosquitoes in your room."

So that's how I got acquainted with Rudolph, the red-nosed chameleon. Of course he doesn't look a bit like a reindeer, and Formosa doesn't have a Santa Claus, but Rudolph does have a red nose.

I guess I can't call Rudolph my pet because I don't feed him or

do anything one normally associates with pets. He just lives behind the clothes closet in my room, and at night goes trotting across the ceiling to grab an occasional fly or mosquito. He tolerates me and I tolerate him as long as he keeps the insect population at a minimum in my room.

There is one little matter we can't agree on. He doesn't like tobacco smoke. On a warm evening when there isn't any breeze the smoke rises slowly to the ceiling — Rudy's hunting ground. He marches to the other end of his game preserve and leaves me to chase my own mosquitoes.

One night not long ago we had one of the mild earthquakes which Formosa is famous for. That night Rudy must have been asleep on the job because he is usually as sure-footed as a Long Island squirrel. At the first tremor, Rudy came tumbling down to the middle of the floor, flat on his back. For a moment I thought my little red-nosed companion was a goner. But quick as a flash, he scooted up the wall to his usual place, lest local mosquitoes forget who is boss.



# Letters

## *of the month*

WE DO NOT PUBLISH ANY LETTER WITHOUT THE WRITER'S CONSENT

### **Bangtails**

Although most of my adult life has been spent with horses (race horses in particular), there are two phases of the business I leave to the foolish or the rich — betting on them and owning them. However your recent ad for horses in Guatemala gives me the chance to become the owner of a sure winner. Enclosed is a money order to cover same. No horse could serve a more worthy purpose and if he wins but one Sick Call Handicap, he'll be the Horse of the Year where it counts.

C. M. CASSIDY

Laurel, Md.

### **Sympathy**

I am ten years old and I feel very sorry for the ten year old boys and girls at your mission who have no mother or father like I do. Please take my 41c and buy gasoline. Thank you.

PAT LEWIS

Lancaster, Calif.

### **Not Recommended**

Enclosed is my check to renew my subscription. Your magazine is very interesting and we enjoy it. My nine month old niece ate half a page with no ill results, which should prove that it is digestible reading.

J. P. MURPHY, JR.

Jackson, Miss.

### **Proof of the Pudding**

Last week our class received MARY-KNOLL. I did not know anything about the magazine. At first sight, I was not interested but I took a peep in it and found it very interesting. All my girl friends agree with me. They just love it. Now, about the price, I find it very cheap. It shows so many beautiful pictures in color, the reading is so interesting, and the work it represents!

CAROLLE TURCOTTE

Quebec, Canada

### **Sentiment**

When I was eighteen my mother gave me a tiny Chevrolet. It was already an old car — 1934 vintage. During all these years I've become very sentimental about it. Recently when I sold it to a young man for tinkering purposes, I received ten dollars for it. I told myself I should buy something lasting and useful with this money. I would like the money to be used to help feed or clothe Asiatic children fleeing communism.

MARGARET S. D'AGNESSA

East Rockaway, N. Y.

### **Correction**

Saint Ursula and her associates were not killed in Gaul as your magazine says but near Cologne, my home city, where her relics are at Saint Ursula's Church.

MARYKNOLL

In the coat-of-arms of Koeln (Cologne) there are three crowns (as the relics of the three wise men are in the cathedral) and eleven flames as a symbol for the eleven hundred virgins martyred with Saint Ursula.

GOTTFRIED KLEUBER

Bronx

### Discord

Your magazine continues to be a discord in the melody of life. Never let it come to my address again. I want no more of it. I will not continue to be plagued by the CULT OF EQUALITY.

NAME WITHHELD

Atlanta, Ga.

### Power of Prayer

While at camp, a camper was struck in the eye with a broom handle. The camper was wearing eyeglasses and the blow shattered the glass and severely cut the eyeball. He was taken to the hospital where the doctor said he had little chance of ever seeing from that eye again. A specialist was called in to extract the eye. One of the hospital staff suggested that we pray to Father Price of Maryknoll that the eye would not have to be extracted. I prayed and many others did, too. A couple of weeks later, the boy came back to camp. He was completely healed and with normal eyesight. As a result of this experience, I have developed a devotion to Father Price. I don't claim that this is a miracle (although the boy's parents do) but I do look upon it as a generous favor obtained through the intercession of Father Price and this is why I have written to you about it. All the details mentioned here are to my knowledge absolutely true.

RICHARD BRAKEFIELD

Clarks Summit, Pa.

DECEMBER, 1957

### Money's Worth

Thank you for the masterpiece of a magazine that you publish. The missionary at our parish asked only one dollar for the subscription which I had the good sense to give. Every issue causes me to wonder how you can give five dollars' worth for every one collected.

JOSEPH A. WHALEN

Rochester, N. Y.

### Hit Parade

Here's a check for the first record royalties on the song "St. Therese of the Roses" which I promised in my prayers to St. Therese. Royalties on sheet music and performances have not yet come in. The song reached No. 20 nationally in record sales. It is doing better in England — there it is No. 13.

REMUS HARRIS

Southampton, N. Y.

### Forgiveness

It seems to me that we people who profess religious faith are too hasty to heap invective upon individuals who hold uncharitable opinions or ideas contrary to our own. Isn't Our Lord's "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do" still infinitely more merciful, more just, and more Christian?

MAX QUERTERMOUS

Marianna, Ark.

### Testimony

While I am a Protestant missionary I have received a great blessing from your magazine. Some years ago while traveling through Canada on a train I had several wonderful days of fellowship with two young Maryknoll Missioners. They introduced me to your magazine.

NAME WITHHELD

Denver, Colo.

# At Christmas Time

## Maryknoll Mission Want Ads

**Silent Night, Holy Night**, like every other day and night in Pusan, Korea, will see mobs of the sick and suffering at the door of the Maryknoll clinic. The medicine bill for one day averages \$8. Will YOU keep the doors of the clinic open another 24 hours?

**A WHITE CHRISTMAS** isn't what a Maryknoller and his poor people, 14,000 feet up in the Andes, are dreaming of. It's the powdered milk piled in a warehouse in Lima City. The milk is free but the freight bill to get one barrel up into the mountains is \$2.50. How many barrels will YOU send to the poor on the "roof of the world" for Christmas?

**THE FIRST NOEL** for the newly baptized tribesmen of Shinyanga will be celebrated under the African sky. You can build a Maryknoll mission church for these converts as a memorial for a loved one this Christmas for \$5,000.

**HOME ECONOMICS** is being put into the curriculum for the girls in the new Catholic high school Maryknollers have opened in the Bolivian jungle. A sewing machine is essential; \$20 will buy a secondhand one as a starter.

**THE STOCKINGS WERE HUNG** by the chimney with care. But not this Christmas in frost-bitten Korea, for one group of Sisters. Their chimney is cold and they must wear stockings to bed. A tankful of diesel oil to heat their little mission convent for half a month costs \$10. We beg your gift, big or small, to help keep our Sisters warm this winter.

**PIE IN THE SKY** isn't what a Maryknoller in Chile is begging for. Just a lunch of beans and milk, during the winter months, for the 276 youngsters in his mission school. Will you help feed these children with a Christmas gift of \$1? \$10? \$100?

**ROOM, BUT NO BED IN THE INN.** In a Maryknoll outpost in Guatemala there are three Sisters, but only one real bed in the mission convent. An ashamed pastor cries for immediate aid; \$35 will buy one pillow-mattress-bedstead combination. Will you come to the rescue?

**EVERY DAY IS CHRISTMAS** and Christ will be born again each morning on the altar of the memorial mission chapel you can build in Japan for a loved one for \$4,000.



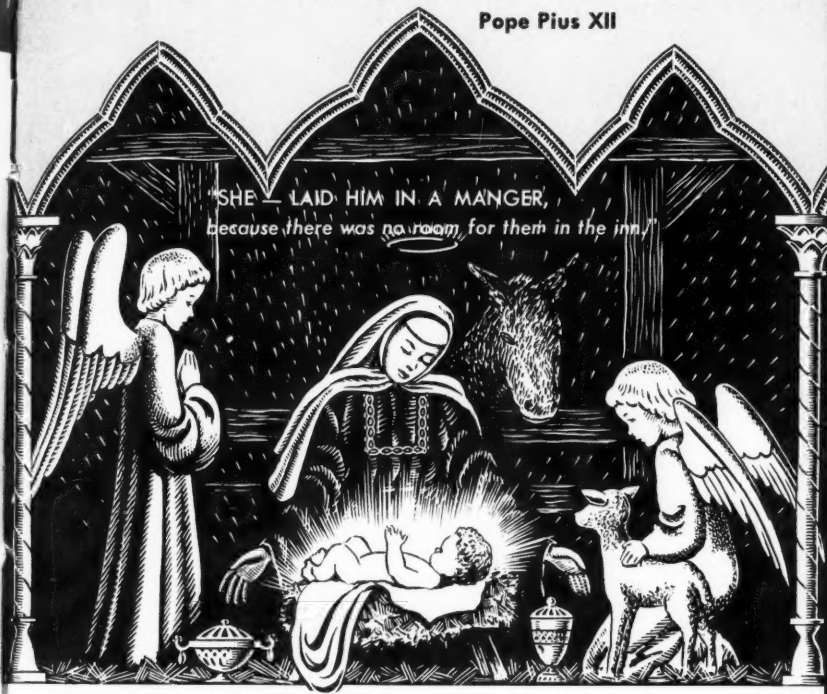
MANY  
THANKS



"If the faithful help even one candidate for the  
priesthood they will fully share in all the future  
Masses and in all the fruits of sanctity and  
apostolic works that will be his."

**Pope Pius XII**

"SHE — LAID HIM IN A MANGER,  
because there was no room for them in the inn."



**MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL, NEW YORK**

Dear Fathers,

Priests are all too few in certain parts of the world. Lest any young man be kept from serving at the altar and preaching the Gospel by lack of funds, I wish to make a sacrifice to help him.

- ☐ I enclose \$..... to help educate a Maryknoller missionary.
- ☐ If you will send me a monthly reminder, I shall send you \$..... each month to help train one of your seminarians.

MY NAME.....

MY ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

# People are Interesting!

The Man Who  
Founded California

Junipero Serra was born on the island of Majorca in 1713. He joined the Franciscans, became a Doctor of Theology, and was assigned to go to a Mexican mission.



1. Outside Vera Cruz, an insect bite left him with a leg infection that lasted the rest of his life.



2. In 1769, he was assigned to California to found a chain of Indian missions along the coast.



3. From the very beginning, his main struggle was against impious and greedy officials in Government.



4. At the age of 70, he walked to and visited all his missions, from San Diego to San Francisco.



5. Father Serra died at Monterey in 1784. He is known as the Father of California, may be beatified.

**Christ belongs to ALL the human race**



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